

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Cres.* Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Antenor*: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it..

*Cres.* O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father: I know no touch of consanguinitie: No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me, As the sweet *Troilus*: O you gods diuine! Make *Cressida* name the very crowne of falsehood! If euer she leaue *Troilus*: time, orce and death, Do to this body what extremitie you can; But the strong base and building of my loue, Is as the very Center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

*Pan.* Doe, doe.

*Cres.* Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised cheekes, Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart With sounding *Troilus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor and Diomedes.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Offer deliuerie to this valiant Greeke Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troilus*, Tell you the Lady what she is to doe, And haue her to the purpose.

*Troy.* Walke into her house: Ile bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand, when I deliuer her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus* A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

*Par.* I know what 'tis to loue, And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe. Please you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation? The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste, And no lesse in a sence as strong As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporise with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat, The like alaiment could I giue my griefe: My loue admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troilus.* No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

*Pan.* Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducky.

*Cres.* O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

*Pan.* What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heauie heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer time; let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

*Troy.* *Cressida*: I loue thee in so strange a puritie; That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie, More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

*Cres.* Haue the gods enuie?

*Pan.* I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

*Cres.* And is it true, that I must goe from *Troy*? *Troy.* A hatefull truth.

*Cres.* What, and from *Troilus* too?

*Troy.* From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

*Cres.* Ist possible?

*Troy.* And sodainely, where iniurie of chance Puts backe leaue-taking, iustles roughly by All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes, Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath. We two, that with so many thousand sighes Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues, With the rude breuitie and discharge of our Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste Crams his rich theuerie vp, he knowes not how. As many farwels as be stars in heauen, With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles vp into a loose adieu; And scants vs with a single famisht kisse, Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter Aeneas.*

*Aeneas within.* My Lord, is the Lady ready?

*Troy.* Harke, you are call'd; some say the genius so Cries, come to him that instantly must dye. Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Troy.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A wofull *Cressida* 'mongst the merry Greekes.

*Troy.* When shall we see againe?

*Troy.* Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

*Cres.* I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

*Troy.* Nay, we must vse expostulation kindly, For it is parting from vs:

I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Gloue to death him selfe,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent profection: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

*Troy.* And Ile grow friend with danger;

Weare this Sleeue.

*Cres.* And you this Gloue.

When shall I see you?

*Troy.* I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,

To giue thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

*Cres.* O heauens: be true againe?

*Troy.* Heare why I speake it; Loue:

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,

Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,

Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:

How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.

Alas, a kinde of godly ieaousie;

Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:

Makes me affraid.

*Cres.* O heauens, you loue me not!

*Troy.* Dye I a villaine then:

In this I doe not call your faith in question

So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heele the high Laolt; nor sweeten talke;

Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all;

*Troilus and Cressida.*

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell that in each grace of these, There lurkes a still and dumb-discoursue diuell, That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted. *Cres.* Doe you thinke I will?

*Troy.* No, but something may be done that we wil not:

And sometimes we are diuels to our selues,

When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,

Presuming on their changefull potencie.

*Aeneas within.* Nay, good my Lord?

*Troy.* Come kisse, and let vs part.

*Paris within.* Brother *Troilus*?

*Troy.* Good brother come you hither,

And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you. *Exit.*

*Cres.* My Lord, will you be true?

*Troy.* Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;

Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,

With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare:

*Enter the Greekes.*

Fear not my truth; the mortall of my wit

Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.

Welcome fir *Diomed*, here is the Lady

Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.

At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,

And by the way possesse thee what she is.

Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,

If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,

Name *Cressida*, and thy life shall be as safe

As *Priam* is in Illion?

*Diom.* Faire Lady *Cressida*,

So please you sauethe thanks this Prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheek,

Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Troy.* Grecian, thou do'st not vse me curteously,

To shame the scale of my petition towards,

I prailing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:

Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy prailes,

As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruant:

I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:

For by the dreadfull *Pinto*, if thou do'st not,

(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)

Ile cut th' throat.

*Diom.* Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troilus*;

Let me be priuileg'd by my place and message,

To be a speaker free? when I am hence,

Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;

Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth

She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;

Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

*Troy.* Come to the Port. He tell thee *Diomed*,

This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head;

Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,

To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.

*Sound Trumpet.*

*Par.* Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.

*Aene.* How haue we spent this morning

The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,

That swore to ride before him in the field.

*Par.* 'Tis *Troilus* fault: come, come, to field with him. *Exeunt.*

*Diom.* Let vs make ready straight.

*Aene.* Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie

Let vs addresse to rend on *Hectors* heeles: The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye On his faire worth, and single Chualrie.

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.*

*Aga.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire, Anticipating time. With starting courage, Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy* Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appauled aire May pierce the head of the great Combatant, And hale him hither.

*Aia.* Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse; Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe: Blow villaine, till thy spher'd Bias cheekes Out-swell the collicke of puffed *Aquilon*: Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud: Thou blowest for *Hector*.

*Ulyss.* No Trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early dayes.

*Aga.* Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,

Heriles on the toe: that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Aga.* Is this the Lady *Cressida*?

*Diom.* Euen she.

*Aga.* Most deeply welcome to the Greekes, sweete Lady.

*Nest.* Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere better she were kist in generall.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsell: Ile begin. So much for *Nestor*.

*Achil.* Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.

*Mene.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patro.* But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus pop't *Paris* in his bardiment.

*Ulyss.* Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,

For which weloofe our heads, to gild his hornes.

*Patro.* The first was *Menelaus* kisse, this mines

*Patroclus* kisses you.

*Mene.* Oh this is trim.

*Patro.* *Paris* and I kisse evermore for him.

*Mene.* Ile haue my kisse fir: Lady by your leaue.

*Cres.* In kissing doe you render, or receiue.

*Patro.* Both take and giue.

*Cres.* Ile make my match to liue,

The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no kisse.

*Mene.* Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.

*Cres.* You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.

*Mene.* An odde man Lady, euey man is odde.

*Cres.* No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,

That you are odde, and he is euen with you.

*Mene.* You fillip me a th' head.

*Cres.* No, ile be sworne.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your naile against his horne:

May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I doe desire it.

*Cres.* Why begge then?

*Ulyss.* Why then for *Venus* sake, giue me a kisse:

When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

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*Ulyss.* Neuer's